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WHARFDALE LAYS;

Or, Lyrical Poems.

BY STEPHEN FAWCETT.

"In the morn of life,
When hope shone bright, and all the prospect smil'd,
To your sequester'd mansion oft my steps
Were turn'd, O Muses! and within your gate
My off'rings paid."

AKENSIDE.

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PREFACE.

I CAN honestly say that I shall thankfully receive whatever a just and enlightened public may please to award; and should they, after having scourged other rhyme-spinners for their temerity with whips, lacerate my poor defenceless back with scorpions, I shall sit down quietly, sigh forth my sorrows to vacuity, and say that I richly deserved it and should have known better.

Though my birth was low, my education comparatively little, my means small, my time short, my labour hard, and my literary discouragement great, yet I hold that no excuse for the production of a dull book. But it is said, and with truth, that we can be no judges of our own

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performances; and therefore, in extenuation, I must plead the partiality of a few friends, who having perused a number of my compositions, have flattered me that they have found in them a few flowers, the genuine growth of the Delphian cliff: and being well aware that it is impossible to steal upon the world while the critic has his back turned, I submit this my little volume, my first attempt, to public notice, with fear and trembling, but with the firm persuasion that the rod of justice will be fashioned by the hand of mercy.

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WHARFDALE LAYS.

ODE TO THE WHARF.

Stream long belov'd and lucent, yet unsung
By amorous voice and harp of youthful bard,
In high-ton'd ode or love-lorn honied lay,
Say have thy banks, and waves, and murmurings
No inspiration, my romantic Wharf.
Come, Lydian muse, that oft hath rais'd thy voice
By fair Ilissus, and on Tiber's strand,
By Chebar, Jordan, Danube, Rhine, and Thames,
And other lesser streams by hundreds, such
As Granta, Tweed, and Doon ;—the loves are here,
The garland 's wreath'd, the rural reed 's in tune,
The bower 's prepar'd, and many a sunlit hill,
And lonely lea, and glade, and shaded rill,
And shatter'd ruin, in its ivy clad,
Silent and awful, mould'ring like the hand

That rear'd and wrought long since its massy pillars,
Await thy presence;—come, the sky is blue,
Bleak winter 's past, and mingled music flies
From oak and hollybush and lowly hazel copse,
From choristers innumerable;—come,
For heavy 's zephyrs' wings with loads of odours;—
Haste, the blazing wheels of radiant Sol
Have roll'd down Rumbles moor, and left
Bright vesper's lamp to light the noiseless dew
Upon the wing of the tuneful nightingale.
I 'll sit with thee, and list thy song by Wharf,
Until the roseate damp hath fill'd my locks,
And thou shalt tell how first my river rose—
How in the hollow rocky womb conceiv'd
Of giant mountains towering to the west—
How, fed with rillets from their rugged breasts,
And cradled in rich green winding vales,
An hundred hills, with vernal chaplets crown'd,
Watch on thine infancy and help thy growth,
By high and hoary Whernside overlook'd,
Monarch of mountains, where the tempest fiend
Oft holds his cloudy court, with horrid tempest circled,
Hollow winds, and thunder, hail, and rain,—
How down its warm and primrose path it runs,
To Burley's fair green holms and fertile fields,
For flocks, and herds, and damsels fair renown'd.

THE POET DERMODY'S FAREWELL.

Farewell! all my sorrows, my cares, and my pains;
Adieu! winged pleasures, that caus'd me to mourn;
Ye gay scenes of youth, now found empty and vain,
I go to the bourn whence we never return.

Farewell! ye cold skies, for your wrath is now wroken,
In your midsummer warm my bright prospects arose;
Farewell! ye cold hearts, for my spirit is broken—
I sought ye as friends, and I found ye as foes.

No more, ye gay landscapes, I sigh and lament;
Though ye once struck, ye 're charming no longer to me;
My last ebbing sands of life soon will be spent,
And my clay-burdened spirit now longs to be free.

The green bed of my fathers for me is the best,
With its flower-broidered quilt, and its tester the sky;
Where the toil-worn sleep easy, the sad heart 's at rest,
And the fountain of sorrow for ever is dry.

Thou Searcher of Hearts! who hast meted my days,
Heart-broken, I bend at thy footstool divine;
My heart owns thy justice, my lips bear thy praise,
And I feel that forgiveness and mercy is mine!

VERSES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Slowly the moments pass, lingering wearily,
Heavily, burthensome, tardy, and long;
Hour and minute drag, rid by the old night hag;
Lazily lagging, time trembles along.

The death-watch is ticking by the bed that's the sick in,
And night's darkest wave laves the dwelling of pain;
When the wind moaneth sadly, and the mind roameth madly,
O'er scenes that have pass'd, ne'er returning again.

Where now are the visions of healthy fifteen?
Or where is the hope of perfection and love?
Where are the flow'rets that smil'd on the green?
Or where is that cheerful sun smiling above?

Those visions are changed to dreamings of woe;
That love and that hope are a canker to rest;
Those flow'rets will bloom, but in sadness they blow;
That sun warm again, but impervious the breast.

O who, in youth's bud, thinks he ever will cling
To that skeleton blanch'd in death's oozy bed?
Or who, that his death-song he 'll happily sing,
And long for th' oblivion that mantles the dead?

Still will the seasons roll onward for ever,
Fair tresses wax hoary, and pulses beat low;
And mortals shall yearn to give life to its giver,
And hope, splendour, pleasure, for ever forego.

A TALE.

It was long ere the planet of science arose,
When liberty sigh'd in the shade,
When the right and the wrong was still proved by blows,
And feudal dominion dreamt not of foes
In the riches and learning of trade;

When Bradford's rich downs with thick forests were spread,
And lonely Aire murmur'd unseen,
Except to the herdsman, that ey'd its dark bed,
Or the light passing hunter, as onward he sped
To his quarry in dingle or green;

On a bend of that stream, flush'd with many a flower,
Rose the halls of a chieftain, of eild;
'T was a fortress of strength, for moat, bastion, and tower,
Portcullis and arblast, had added their power,
And its lord could a partizan wield.

Hark! the ring of the rebeck and minstrel's wild lay
From the green ivy'd gateway is heard;
'T is the solace of Eric, 't is his bridal day;
The barons are dancing in splendid array;
He was honour'd that day, though much fear'd.

An archer awaited—his merry horn blew,
The bridge rattled down to give way,
The ban-dog howl'd loud, as the gates open flew,
And a dim fearful twilight the massive arch knew,
That he pass'd to the junketting gay.

The ladies were flush'd with the whirl of the dance,
With circlets of gems in their hair;
There were guards rang'd around, with the hawberk and lance,
And many a young earlie's light amorous glance,
Was turned on his damosel fair.

The vintage of France lent its mantling cheer,
And the choir all their magic art ply'd;
Two red banners wav'd in the odorous air,
And a rich dais rose to a festooned chair,
Where sate the young bridegroom and bride.

By a garland-hung column the bold archer stood,
The green plumes on his bonnet wav'd free,
His Spanish steel faulchion he drew in dark mood,—
"Silence!" he call'd, "by the blest Holy Rood,
Ye have got here a wild company!

"I impeach thee, Sir Eric, of foul treason's deeds,
Towards Henry, our liege lord and king:
Nay,—touch not your glaives, for the doughty wight bleeds,
Who backs the dark caitiff; his murderous meeds
On his bridal day hither I bring."

"Guards, seize him," cried Eric, "thy boldness shall feel
That my vengeance shall wash out my guilt—
That Eric hath temper'd his heart to his steel!"
The archer stamp'd thrice on the floor with his heel,
His retainers the spacious hall fill'd.

"Arrest yon bold varlet," said he, "with his bride,
And, ye barons, the revelry 's done:
Away! 't is Prince Henry's command, or abide
Your fate; I must quail this chief's haughty pride,
Ere the light o'er yon High dale is gone."

In his cuirass and morion, in bosky High dale,
With gore-stained hand, Eric died.
Aire, mourning that bridal, was long heard to wail;
Years ras'd those towers, long rock'd with the gale,
And the harpers lamented the bride.

And now, where the fallow deer leap'd on the lea,
And the winded horn cheerily sung,
And the lone palmer walk'd 'neath the broad green-
wood tree,
On High dale, a town of the rich and the free—
A gem in old Albion—has sprung.

DON LEON.

"WHITHER dost thou go, my lord,
Or shall I go with thee?
Thy jennet neighs in Bilboa's towers,
Beside the troublous sea.

"Thy keen brand glistens by thy thigh,
Thy red plume dances free;
Dost thou leave Spain to tempt the main?
My Leon, tell to me."

"Thy lute lies in the corridor,
Go sing to it again;
Nor touch its string so tenderly,
We 'll have a nobler strain.

"The haughty Moor shall weep in gore,
That e'er he enter'd Spain!
This sword shall flash by Grenada,—
It never flash'd in vain."

His coal-black steed the gallant knight
Through Bilboa's portals bore,
With band and banner waving high,—
His consort weeping sore.

Lone in her bower the lady sits,
Her silken locks are tore;
The lute once lovely Bilboa heard
At twilight 's heard no more.

As droop laburnums on the banks,
Where Tagus steals away,
So Lara mourn'd, as the broad sun
Sunk o'er the deep Biscay.

And o'er the olive-clothed mount,
Where Castile's battle lay,
Don Leon led the youth and flower
Of Bilboa's loose array.

The haughty Moor now mourns in gore,
Th' Alhambra 's smoking low,
And the leader of the Bilboa troop
Has wip'd his blood-stain'd brow.

The vine press mourns, and minaret,
The crescent 's lost its glow ;
And from Grenada's battlements
No Iman 's singing now.

No mosque again, in sun-lov'd Spain,
Pollutes the land of vine;
The Moslem 's gone to Tunis' halls,
Where marble kiosks shine,

Where Guadalquiver sweeps along,
Alcaraz' tendrils twine,
Don Leon pass'd to Bilboa's strand,
With all his warlike line.

The laurel bound his manly brow,
And Bilboa's river bay,
And castanet and tambour sound
To dance of lady gay.

The cornet winds through turret high,
And castle old and grey,
The sweet guitar has work enough,
But where does Lara stray?

The orange grove perfumes the air,
Through lattic'd rooms 't is gone;
The sun lists on the gilded dome
The fountain rainbow's tone.

Why the duenna's long-drawn sigh?
Why lone the rich saloon?
Why rings not her fandango high?
Why all so woe begone?

PART SECOND.

His cheek lay on the marble cold,
Pale as the marble press'd;
Despair and mortal agony
Were raving in his breast.

Don Leon like a woman weeps,
So fallen was his crest;
When lo! the op'ning doors display'd
A youth in armour dress'd.

A white plume on his helmet danc'd;
His lofty step and mien
Don Leon's languid eye attracts,
As did his armour's sheen.

"Why mourns Don Leon for a maid?
For maids enow, I ween,
Fair Bilboa guards, as lovely yet
As Lara 's ever been.

"A cloud hangs low on Bilboa's walls;
A wave moans on the sea;
A flower fades on the river's bank;
Don Leon, 't is for thee!

"But warrior, by th' Alhambra bold,
Know'st thou the faulchion free,
'That in the strife, for death or life,'
Fought 'neath thy blazonry."

"Curs'd be the life that thou hast sav'd!"
Said Leon, "and those hours
When buckler's clash and clarion's clang
Decoy'd me from these towers."

"But yet a boon, Don Leon, grant—
My cheek, like thine, is pale;
I reel with weakness;—O! sir knight,
Unbuckle me this mail.

"See'st thou this arm in silken scarf,
Still foul with clotted gore;
That arm sav'd thee, when in the fight
Three Paynims press'd thee sore.

"And mourn no more thy lady lost;
Why idly her deplore,
Who now, perchance, sleeps sweet beneath
Where Biscay's billows roar."

The chief arose, his helm unbrac'd,
And wish'd him to depart,
Alone t' indulge the sorrow grim
That rankled in his heart!

When, lo! his Lara's tresses fell
Adown her tunic green,
And roses dy'd that lovely neck,
Where lilies erst had been.

The harp is heard in serenade,
The moon sleeps on the grove,
And Naiads on the balmy breeze
Shed horns of purple love.

Wake! lovely Bilboa's rosy hours,
Philomel's on the spray;
The morning breaks,—the breeze is dead
That fretted blue Biscay.

NORTON TOWER.

'T is a fearful night, old Roger said,
The doors clash,—hear ye, over head
There 's sound of thunder in the wind,
That rises in its billowy might,
And seems as ridden by some fiend;
It makes the beams creak with its weight.
The tempest 's furious;—stir the fire;—
I 'm glad the cows are in the byre,
With fodder plenty, warm and snug.
God help the traveller this night!
Dolly, fill the large black jug
With some of thy brown home-brew'd ale.
There 's Ralph and Sarah half asleep,
And Andrew seems in musings deep,
Mindless of the storm-scath'd sheep,
That stand and bleat, whilst round them swell
The snow-drifts deep on Rilston fell.
Wake up! I have a fearful tale,
You ne'er before have heard me tell.

Hark, in the cellar there 's a scream!
'T is like the ghost of murder'd child
That shrieks!—but through the trellis' seam
It is the gust that 's whooping wild.—

"Thirty winters now have sped,
And melted in the beams of spring,
And time his hand on me hath laid—
So heavy, cold, and withering—
Since young I fear'd not toil or death,
In midnight tempests' icy teeth.
About this time one afternoon,
When snow was falling fast,
Out on the fell I went alone,—
A good strong ewe was stray'd and gone,
And drifting in some place unknown,
By Rilston's mountain blast.
Every hill and craggy steep,
Every hole, with snow fill'd deep,
I sought, but sought in vain;
Night darken'd in its fiercest wrath,
The scar's fear'd edge was in my path,
No track led home again.
Then down beneath a rocking wall,
Threatening with time and wind to fall,
Cold, weary, faint, I sate;

Cursing the keb that caus'd me roam
From warmth and light, and life and home,
To such a fearful fate.
Above my head, beneath my feet,
Behind me and before,
Around me, death wound his white sheet
To shroud me when no more.
But soon a vision caught my sight,
Surrounded by an orb of light,—
A minstrel, on a broken stone,
With look unearthly, sat alone.
With features young, and forehead high,
In mantle of the forest dye,
With stout and manly form;
With harp in hand, and fiery eye,
Rivetted on the northern sky,
And laughing at the storm!
Oh! had ye seen his fingers fly,
As o'er the strings they pass'd;
Heard that wild music rise and die
Upon the roaring blast;
Ye had not soon forgot his theme,
In song so wild and new;
Whatever it your fancies deem,—
The folly of delirious dream,
Or wakeful vision true.

And thus he sung, amid the squall,
For yet I can remember all.

'Rein up thy pale charger, grim death, storm-array'd,
There 's ravin enough in the maw of the grave;
Thy boreal vollies are useless on shade,
For I am the harper of Leolf the brave;

And nightly I chaunt to the tune of the wave
Whilst my corpse rests for ever in cold and wet clay;
On the storm-shatter'd mountain and deep-riven cave,
The tempest's black wing bears my burden away.

Rave on, ye rough whirlwinds, young Leolf, arise,
Northumbria's thunders before thee shall quail;
Old Whernside is shaking his head at the skies,
Emptying their treasures of snow and of hail.

Thy partizan glimmer'd the first in the field;
Thy breast-plate ne'er wan'd in the eye of the foe;
Thou reck'dst not for foeman, whilst glaive thou could'st wield,
For whiz of the javelin, or twang of the bow.

Thou wert fierce as the blast on the Bothnian main,
Where rumbles the deep midnight voice of the wave;

By the darkling assassin asleep wast thou slain!
From the sepulchre's bonds rise, young Leolf the brave.

Ulrich was a maiden of excellent charms,
She dwelt in the quiet of Linton's green grove,
A recluse, for she feared red battle's alarms,
And innocence flutter'd around her and love.

With the distaff and spindle she spun time away,
The tissue of silver was wove in her loom;
Should spring time, white blossoming, tempt her to stray,
'T was to the gay river's bank, rich with perfume.

Whilst musing among the young daisies unmov'd,
With her mantle enwrapt by the glimmering wave,
She was seen by the thane of the mountain and lov'd;
She too lov'd with fervour young Leolf the brave.

But he fell, and young Leolf's bride Ulrich was never,
And her distaff and loom, and her lute laid aside,
And the flower-broidered banks of the crystalline river
She left, to seek peace on the hill where he died.

And death laid his cold icy hand on her breast,
And the fairest maid Wharf in its windings could lave
Fell asleep on the cairn, and they laid her to rest
'Neath the heather that rustles o'er Leolf the brave.'

"The wild breeze, on its raven wing,
Bore the sound off shuddering;
Instead of harper on the rock,
That sung of past by woes,
Facing angry winter's shock,
An antique hall arose,
Pillar'd with dark and massy stone,
With lofty arch in shadow brown;
With arms of quaint fashion slung
Upon the walls, a lamp's dim sheen
Show'd, from murky rafter hung;
The floor was strew'd with rushes green;
And on a couch, in a recess,
A youth of noble mien,
In heaviest slumber's quietness,
Lay dress'd in garb of green.
Beside his head lay sword and spear,
His unstrung bow was lying near;
A buckler rested on the floor,
That battle's brunt now brav'd no more.

I look'd not long, before, alarm'd,
I saw a shape, with dagger arm'd,
Stealing—for no sound he made—
From pillar's shade to pillar's shade;
Like vampyre in his thirst for blood,
Beside the sleeper's couch he stood;
Nor short delay of pity made,
But buried in his breast the blade!
The slumberer, half rais'd, look'd round—
While the red gore gush'd from the wound—
And then fell back, and gasp'd for breath,
And welter'd on the bed of death.
The murderer seem'd half afraid,
And hastily skulk'd back into shade;
Nor long was gone, ere form in white
Glided athwart the flickering light;
As painters dream of angel fair,
The diamonds glimmer'd in her hair;
'What! drown'd in blood, my Leolf true;
What! left thy cheek its rosy hue;
What! motionless thy manly breast;
A bier made of thy bed of rest!
My head swims—Oh! my heart is broke;
Curs'd be the hand that struck the stroke!
Leolf!' she moan'd, and by his side,
Like gentle doe, the maiden died.

And still the untrimm'd lamp burn'd dim;
Silent and sweet the lovers seem,
Though their's must be the cypress wreath,
Embracing on the bed of death.
By secret door but who comes now?
A minstrel's silent step and slow;
And gazing on the silent pair,
With amazement's wildest stare,
He stood till sorrow's fountain flow'd,
And tears unusual found a road.
He was the same that late I 'd seen,
Facing heaven in mantle green.
Then slowly covering the dead,
And sitting at their feet,
A funeral plaint he uttered,
Most mournful, low, and sweet.

SONG.

'Fallen lord and lady gay,
Faded flower of northern land,
Look no more for bridal day,
Keen the assassin's midnight brand!

Curse on coward's redden'd steel;
Curse on recreant's wicked art;

Heaven forefend that hope or weal
E'er should bless the caitiff's heart.

Farewell! lord and lady gay;
Still is heart, and dim is eye!
Once more shall your minstrel's lay
Float around you, ere he die.

I deem'd your days of love were long,
Nor dreamt of midnight treachery;
Now silence harp and silence tongue;
Death listens not to melody.'

"The dingy pillar then he struck,
With harp still ringing, and it broke;
He knelt—but sound I could not hear—
Seem'd wrestling long with heaven in prayer;
The trenchant brand he took in hand,
And bar'd his duteous breast,
Took a last look, then sudden struck,
And sunk in death's long rest!
And now the cock awoke again,
Flapped his sides, and crow'd amain;
And scenes of death and dusky halls
Vanished, and left ruin'd walls,

Envelop'd on the mountain's brow,
With one broad sheet of spotless snow;
The cloud was gone—the darkness pass'd;
The sky was blue, and gone the blast;
The stars shone bright; and up I got,
And found the pathway to my cot;
And ne'er again when tempests yell,
My feet durst tempt the dangerous fell."

THE FAIRY.

The dew lay on the twilight bank,
The lord of day was low;
The eglantine the hedges deck'd,
With roses white as snow;

The drowsy beetle left the green,
Besprent with chequer'd hue;
And silk-wing'd zephyrs softly fan
The starry vault of blue;

'T was in a mead, by Riffa's wood,
Where Almscliffe's rocks arise,
By shepherds seen above the mist,
In early morning skies;

Or ere the sun lifts up his head,
Or rustics rise to toil,
They seem to float on seas of fog,
Like some lone fairy isle:

T was in that mead, and by that wood,
By strangers seldom seen,
Titania held her fairy court,
Upon the starlight green.

The ring was form'd, the dance begun—
They scarcely bend the blade—
And gloworm lamps serenely shone
Beneath the hazel's shade.

From silver cups, of brightest sheen,
They drank the sparkling dew;
Of music, song, and laughter full,
They hopp'd, they leap'd, they flew.

A fawn there sat, with golden locks,
All wrapt with love and rhyme;
And many a song of elfin sports
He sung of olden time.

Rough satyrs danc'd, from Tempe's vale;
And fays, from Enna's plain;
Queens and princes, rob'd in gold,
From many an ancient fane.

At length, when sated with the sport,
The queen a herald sent,
To summon all around her throne—
To speak was her intent.

Her throne was 'neath a spreading oak,
And in its sombre shade
Was gather'd all the merry crew,
From every knoll and glade.

A gay green robe around her flow'd,
Her coronet was green;
And sylphid handmaids stood around
The august fairy queen.

"Spirits of the silent foot,
That ride the silver car,"
She spoke, "mischance hath happen'd me,
By yon malignant star.

"Whilst sleeping in a bulbul flower,
In sheets of fairest white,
A lustful imp approach'd inflam'd—
The ugliest born of night.

"Twas on broad Ganga's lovely banks,
Where odours nightly blow,
And fire-flies light the sacred stream,
That murmurs deep and low;

"The plains of Patna, sunk in tears,
The dark-wing'd night birds fly;
And one bright star with fury flam'd
Red from the troubled sky.

"Trembling I fled—the imp pursu'd—
Down to the ocean's bed;
And 'mong the green weed caverns deep
I hid my fearing head.

"The mermaid's voice was lost in fear;
Was dropp'd the sounding shell;
The bending dolphins slunk away;
The green-hair'd tritons yell.

"To ocean's crystal palaces,
With fearful haste I wing'd;
And on a throne of adamant
I found the trident king.

"All suppliant at his feet I fell,
Tears with my ringlets blend;
I told him I with horror fled
A night-born grisly fiend.

"I told him, I a queen of earth
Was when the world began;
And how my realms were moonlit meads,
Unseen by mortal man.

"I claim'd protection;—then with voice
Hoarse, terrible, and clear,
Such as, when grim tornados rise,
The Indian sailors hear,

"He said, 'fair empress of the isles
Round which my currents run,
Mistress of the spicy groves
Laid fairest to the sun,

"'T is done!' and quick 't was pitchy dark,
And o'er the emerald dome
The thundering noise of mountain's waves
I heard amid the gloom.

"Darkness hid the coral cave
Within the inky wave;
And, on the crested billow whirl'd,
The sailor saw his grave.

"I heard his last despairing cry,
Amid the murd'rous roar,
His vessel driven, lost, and riven,
Far from the peaceful shore.

"Then on th' eternal battlement
Of ocean's palace high
I heard a howl, the pillars shook,
The horrid fiend was by.

"Away, away my coursers flew,
Untir'd, untam'd with toil;
And soon behind I view'd the main
Like one vast pot to boil.

"O'er fair broad realms and cities rich
We swiftly took our way,
And scour'd the snowy mountain tops
First ruddy with the day.

"The dark Euphrates saw our flight,
And Balbeck's broken stone,
And lone Palmyra's ruin'd halls,
And fallen Babylon.

"We heard the Adriatic roar,
Saw Appenine in gloom,
And soon the hills where long hath sate
The queen of nations, Rome.

"We saw the everlasting fires
Of Mont Gibello glow;
And soon the shining streams of Spain
Reflect the stars below.

"How oft to Cadiz' sea-wash'd walls
Ye have been led by me,
And heard the guitar's serenade
Sound o'er the glassy sea.

"On on we flew—why think upon
The tawny climes of Spain—
The morning star was mirror'd in
The bosom of the main.

"And now I spy'd the island fair
The royal fairies keep;
Where not a billow dares disturb
The slumbers of the deep—

"The isle oft seen by mariners
At close of summer day,
With rivers, woods, and palaces,
That melt in air away.

"Full quick arriv'd my coursers where
The streams ambrosial run,
And golden fruits of trees of life
Hang on the banks alone.

"Fast to my own lov'd Oberon,
Fast to his arms I fled;
And in his bosom, beating loud,
I buried my head.

"Now safe, protected by his skean,
Securely here I rove,
Admonish'd when to seek his bow'r,
By yon red star above.

"Ye fays, and nymphs, and dryads all,
When spirit foul alarms,
Your safest place will always be
Within your consort's arms."

And now, ere rising morn was grey,
Or Orient stars grew pale,
They vanish'd,—chanticleer was heard
Awaking hill and dale.

Butter and wreathed garlands oft
By milkmaids there are seen,
And rings and rounds of revelling
Of fairies on the green.

SONG.

The shadows were deep'ning, the banners were flaunting,
Of heaven, in purple, and azure, and gold;
The white bleating flocks, from the shaws they'd been haunting,
To the pipe of the herdsman return'd to the fold.

"Haste, Lady Ellen, the odours are swelling,
Through the postern, along the green vista, we 'll go;
Though the shadows are stealing, and curtain thy dwelling,
Yet, Lady Ellen, thou hast not a foe.

"The boom of the river is deeper than ever;
The nightingale's voice is most sweet on the Rhine;
The dew 's on the flower, 't is love's rosy hour,
Come now, Lady Ellen, my heart shall be thine."

Can the dew tell a tale of the loves of the vale;
Or the bird 'neath the leaf, or the breeze, or the flower,
What pass'd in that hour, in the vine-twined bower,
Betwixt Lady Ellen and her paramour?

But the minstrel is heard, and there 's junketting now,
There are jewelled ladies and knights in her train,
And a coronet's glow on her lily white brow,
For now Lady Ellen 's the bride of Lorraine.

IMITATION OF OLD BALLAD.

"Reach me my casque, and my buckler, and sword;
My charger's caparison quickly put on:
My wrongs I 'll avenge on proud Huntingdon's lord,"
Quoth the stalwart old knight of Haslington.

A quiver and bow o'er his armour he threw,
And fifty stout bowmen, right trusty and good,
Came forth at his beck, in their doublets of blue,
And follow'd the chief to the merry green wood.

Cheerily sang the brown throstle at morn,—
Mayday is merry to Marian and me;
Her Leman she meets at the trysting thorn,
Whilst I carol in the woods merrily.

The battle was hot in the shaw and the wold,
The shafts of the bowmen were stained with gore;
Ten hearts, erst so bold, in that hour turn'd cold,
And ten pretty damsels were left to deplore.

Now put up thy weapon, bold Huntingdon's lord,
Hold thy hand, doughty outlaw, and all thy stout men,
Thou hast won my child Marian by dint of thy sword,
And with her fair acres a hundred and ten.

Cheerily sings the brown throstle at morn,—
Mayday is merry to Marian and me;
For she to her gallant is plighted and sworn,
And I to my mate in the trysting tree.

SONG.

For honour some wait on old Time,
And some till he brings them more pleasure,
And some till he aids them in crime,
And some till he hands them more treasure.

And yet they all know he 's a knave,
A taker as much as a giver;
And all at length wish for a grave,
To leave the old hoary deceiver.

With many a love knot of gold,
The world to my heartstrings he tied;
And many a love-tale he told,
Which his conduct long since has bely'd.

I believ'd him, but now I must smart,
His tyrant will now almost wroken,
The love knots of gold from my heart,
One by one nearly all he 's now broken.

The jaws of eternity yawn;
He 's plunging down too to disaster;
No more my goods to him I 'll pawn;
And I 'm glad that he too has a master.

A HUNTING SONG.

Light the winds of Wharfdale blow;
Light waves the larch on Chevin's brow;
And, like a stream asleep,
Wharf glides as loth to leave the joys
Of sylvan sports, and his hoarse voice
To mingle with the hollow noise
Of thunders of the deep.

On Kaley crag the gazer stands;
The scarlet huntsmen meet in bands;
The hounds are out,—and see,
The fox broke cover,—on they go;
He 's seen in Kaley woods below;
The bugle 's sounding, tallyho!
The scent lies on the lea.

Herdsmen hollo! herds aghast
Stand staring at the bugle's blast:
How fleet the horsemen ride!
The fox is gone to seek his den,
Through wood and plain, and stream and glen,
'Mid cries of hounds and shouts of men,
In some wild mountain's side.

Sly reynard, now for life or death—
For one spring more, one gasp of breath.
Like wind thy murderers come;
Adown the brook, and through the dell,
Hounds and horses rush pell mell;
Hark! the bugle shout and yell;
Now for thy rocky home!

Headlong through the river dash;
Thy reeking sides, poor reynard, wash,
That stronger thou may'st flee.
The woodland echoes load the wind;
Now by thy wiles some covert find;
Yon coming sound of sport behind,
Is bringing death to thee.

'T is done! thine eyes, poor thief, are dim;
Fail thee cunning, wind, and limb;
Fast to thy death they rush.
Now for the mettled racer's speed,
Now for the steed of highest breed,
Now for the last most gallant deed,
Helter skelter for the brush.

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

Beware, proud Orange, thou 'rt too light
To join in the unequal fight,
The fates have kick'd thy scale up high,
In Landsturm's spite and Schuttery.

Thine hundred thousand soldiers brave
Are doom'd, though fearless, to the grave;
And though the northern despots join,
You 'll rue the gore-stain'd fields of Rhine.

The bomb has ta'en its hissing flight,
The cannon glares in gloom of night,
The clarion's clangor 's heard to swell,
By Antwerp's sea-girt citadel.

The grisly lion 's lash'd his sides,
From famous France the lily rides;
The ordnance of the allies trine
Will scare the foeman on the Rhine.

'T is freedom Gallia's hosts has led;
The British banner freedom 's spread;
They 've sworn to wade through seas of gore,
Ere they desert the tricolor.

The mother and the wife shall rave,
And mourn the hack'd up serf and slave;
The tyrants, too, shall see and whine,
Their blood tinge red the waves of Rhine.

Ye hosts, that once brave Frederic led,
That once in Belgium fought and bled,
Your tyrant send, that he may see
How freemen fight for liberty.

Proud Russia, leave thy boreal halls,
Fetes-champetres, carnivals;
We long to measure swords with thine,
To avenge the Pole on the banks of Rhine.

Gonfalons wave o'er mighty crests,
And valour warms ten thousand breasts;
Three nations march, who 'll die or see
The death of cruel tyranny.

The fiat 's gone, sons of Nassau
May learn to stand in trembling awe,
When nations freed in arms combine
To meet them on the banks of Rhine.

SONG.

Round Harwood's towers were notes of woe;
Fierce were the breezes, and dark Wharf's flow;
The raven croak'd, and the owlet scream'd,
In the lone grey turrets where a suff'ring lady dream'd.

"What ails thee, maiden?" her mother said,
"Why weep and languish upon thy bed?
Would music cheer thee?—we 'll have it now;
'T is the only remedy to cool thy burning brow."

"No, lady, no,—let me silent die;
My sand is low, and my moments fly:
The sweetest song that the bard e'er gave
To the wandering min'strel my broken heart won't save."

"Thou lov'st a harper;—I know a strain
Will warm thine heart, and ease thy pain;
'T is 'Anna's tears,' love,—thou knowest it well,—
When the suffering lady heard that her lover fell."

"But, lady, stay, for I now espy,
From the oriel window, a harper by;
His form seems fair, and his garments flow
In the wind, lady, as lone he waits below.

"Wayworn minstrel, say, canst thou play
On harp, to song of sweet roundelay;
Or ballad old now the best come give
That thy harp e'er sounded, and bid this maiden live."

He struck his harp, and sung 'Anna's tears;'
The tones of Frederick rung in her ears,—
Her lips grew pale, as she mark'd his lay,
And the beauteous Isabel fell back and swoon'd away.

"Wake, Isabel! 't is Frederic's call,
And mourn no longer within thine hall;
Here is our token,—I did not die,
As thou heard'st, lady, where warshouts shake the sky."

Gay was the lady's dress, of gems and gold;
In costly ermine her Frederic bold;
The harp had work,—'t was their bridal day,—
And the banquet's revel drove all their griefs away.

DETESTABLE PASSIONS.

Baleful are the lips of scorn;
  Their breath doth blightings bring,
Like hoary winter's blasts at morn,
  On flowery-kirtled spring.

Fearful envy's wolfish fang!
  For if no victim bleeds—
If impotent to give a pang—
  Upon itself it feeds.

Hateful is a double face,
  Belying what is meant,
That on the truth, with double rays,
  Confounds the innocent.

Avarice is hateful too;
  Grim Mammon is so greedy,
Nor good nor bad, nor high nor low
  He spares, nor rich nor needy.

But hateful he above the rest,
The serpent 'neath our feet;
Not more abhorred, in whose breast
Ingratitude we meet.

TO IRELAND.

Hark! the sounding harp of Erin;
  Wild its strains swim o'er the sea;
Liffey's stream the theme is cheering;
  Ierne's isle shall yet be free!

Green the shamrock now is springing,
  'Neath hope's spreading golden wings;
Harp of Erin, sweetly singing,
    Angels strike thy tuneful strings.

Hesperus is brightly gleaming
  O'er the broad blue western main;
Influence sweet on thee he 's streaming:
  Rise, green island, rise again!

Sunny land, in all thy glory
  Wake thy harp by Shannon's wave;
Tyrants' hands, all red and gory,
  Shall no more dig freedom's grave.

Harp of Erin, winds of ocean
Bear thine accents, soft and clear,
O'er the white waves' loud commotion;
And the shores of Albyn hear.

ON THE SUN RISING.

On surges huge of living fire
His chariot wheels are borne;
And, on his skyey journey bent,
He bursts the gates of morn.

A thousand rivers hail his car,
As its approach they spy,
And from his golden heralds' hands
His crimson banners fly.

Old Night flies o'er the western main,
Scar'd with celestial light;
Dame Earth, who sate all night in tears,
Rejoices at the sight.

Hark! her sonorous voice of birds
She shelters in her bowers;
And all her flocks and herds rejoice,
Amid her meads of flowers.

Give me the harp; I 'll twang its strings,
While yet with youth I may;
Its loftiest chords shall sound to greet
The rising lord of day.

BOLTON PRIORY.

Eve's dark brown robes, o'er Bolton's woods,
At time of curfew fell;
Of Wharf—the noisy crystal flood—
I heard the fall and swell.

By Bolton's priory I sate,
When Wharfdale's woods were green;
I 'd mark'd the shadows, closing late
The wild romantic scene;

And Howber hill in darkness slept;
In musings all alone,
I view'd the pile, of honours reft,
A ruin'd heap of stone.

As through its arches, broad and vast,
I saw the changeless sky
And starry cohorts, sweetly pass'd
A gale of music by.

Was 't Wharf's sweet murmurings?—no!—a thrill
Of fear shot through my blood,
And, chained to the spot, I still
In wondering horror stood.

Away! away! the dead return—
The ghastly dance is nigh—
The tombs unclose—blue tapers burn—
Pale, shivering mortal, fly!

And, instant as the lightning's glare,
The light of tapers show'd
A monk engag'd in holy pray'r,
Beside an altar bow'd.

An *Agnus Dei* in one hand
He clasp'd unto his breast,
Said, "*Adoramus Dominum,*"
And "*Regnum tuum est!*"

Spectres, glass-ey'd, glar'd in white,
Around me I could see;
And o'er my head some 'scutcheons dark
Were waving fearfully.

An hundred knights before me stood,
A lane between they made;
Their helmets' plumes like vapours flow'd,
All were in steel array'd.

Each rested on his weapon broad,
And noiseless each and still;
When suddenly a voice "make road!"
Scream'd wildly fierce and shrill;

"Lord Egremont and Mary come,
In youth and beauty's pride;
Alike in life and death their doom;
Make way! they 're side by side."

The gates flew ope with grating clang,
Against the old grey walls;
A bursting "hail!!!" like thunder rang,
In winter's mountain squalls.

A youthful pair appear'd in white,
Both wreath'd with evergreen;
The sweetest, noblest, fairest sight
By spectre legions seen.

The organs blew like music mad,
As they walk'd up the aisle;
The mailed knights salute the lad,
And bow to Mary's smile.

Hail! lov'd ones, lost in early death—
So innocent, so young—
Yours' is the fairest cypress wreath,
Melodious murmuring 's sung.

And, as the altar they approach'd,
A train of sylphids flew
Behind, like clouds with sunbeams touch'd,
That first look on the dew.

They knelt,—the monk hung o'er and bless'd;
Whilst, at the window, I
Saw fiends in rage, and closely squeez'd,
That holy rite to spy.

That coward hound I saw still grin,
Leash'd like a famish'd wolf,
That drew the leaping youth back in
The Strid's dark boiling gulf.

And now the benison receiv'd,
Back through the aisle they walk'd;
Again the massy portals heav'd,
And gibbering voices talk'd.

I follow'd in the grave's thick throng,
E'en thought I felt it smell;
For I was mov'd by force along—
'T was irresistible.

And 'mong the tombs mine eye beheld
A hearse's ebon hue;
A winding sheeted spirit held
The reins, amid the crew.

"Mount, Egremont!" was shouted shrill;
Round Bolton's woods it rung;
I heard it as we seem to hear,
At eve, a spirit's tongue.

"This mortal, too, with you shall ride,
Wharf's river halls to see;
Where writhes through Strid his growling tide,
Your rough gateway shall be."

I mounted—horror froze my veins—
And by them took my seat;
And through the woods and op'ning plains
Fleet flew the horses' feet.

The grim postilion shook the reins;
Red torches onward led;
Two horses drew, with blazing manes,
The chariot of the dead.

And, still as death, the leafy tree
Hung down its darken'd bough;
Wharf's midnight stream, erst flowing free,
Its murmurings hushed now.

Had Wharfdale's every field, and beeve,
And flower belong'd to me,
I 'd given them all, in peace to leave
That fearful company.

From thinking on old chivalry
And monkish days—the theme
Of many a lay—my reverie
Had melted into dream.

A stouter nerve than mine had quak'd,
To hear the owlet's call :—
An unseen hand the ivy shak'd,
Upon the tott'ring wall.

I rose, my heart felt dead within ;
I walk'd, and hastily bade
Adieu to ghost and goblin scene,
In Bolton's lovely glade.

The bee shall sip the butter-flowers,
Refresh'd with latter rain,
In Bolton's vocal noontide bowers,
When I go there again.

THUNDER.

Black gather'd the cloud, and the thunder was roaring
O'er Rumbles-Moor's heathery hill;
And the bird on the spray, that his note had been pouring,
Was aw'd with the sound, and was still.

Louder each peal, the fork'd light'ning was flashing,
As it bore to the terrified plain;
The rushing wind rose, and the torrent 'gan dashing
O'er the green downs of promising grain.

Many a prayer, low mutter'd, to heaven
Was offer'd with shortened breath;
For the hills everlasting seem'd shatter'd and riven
By the spirit of darkness and death.

It pass'd, and the rosebud look'd lovely a-weeping;
The sun flam'd more bright from above;
And the cloud belching thunder, in orient sleeping,
O'erladen, seem'd scarcely to move.

But hark! by Olcana a wailing is heard;
The bolt 's brought a father his doom;
A family weeps, and a widow endear'd,
And a son hath a maniac become.

Though mighty the elements be in arraying,
When th' Omnipotent's mandate is given,
Yet heavy and doleful the price we are paying
For a burst of the music of heaven.

THE SKYLARKS.

I saw two larks in midway air,
  Stand on their quivering wing;
And heard their voices, silvery clear,
  Their morning anthems sing.

So sweet, so changeful their carol,
  While floating upon high,
I almost thought a voice they 'd stole,
  Or echo from the sky.

The woodland choir, in dell and glade,
  Sat voiceless in the trees,
Whilst these two lov'd ones vocal made
  The chilly boreal breeze.

How blithe the sun that lights our land,
  In song, o'er sun-gilt hill,
They hail, and thank the bounteous hand
  That gives the morning meal.

They sing whilst March storms bluster round,
And cheer their new-made brides;
Their nuptial couches on the ground,
On some hill's mossy sides.

No omen ill their warblings bring,
Aloft at twilight grey,
The foremost chorus of the spring;—
O, would I were as they!

No coming ill my nerves would shake,—
All breath'd in song my breath
And innocence would honey make
The bitter dregs of death.

SAINT REMI.

The sound of chaunt was sweet and low,
A lamp was burning dim;
Before a crucifix's glow
Uprose melodious hymn.

"Saviour of a sinful race,
I bow before thy shrine;
O! give me grace to bear the test
Of persecution;—in my breast
Shed faith and love divine.

"With weary steps I 've wandered far,
To fight the gods of France;
And they will fall, if in the war
Thou art without the crimson car,
The buckler, or the lance.

"Show thyself great, Eternal King!
And let consuming fire
Fierce through the Ethnic temples wing;
Like Dagon's, down their idols fling,
In thunderings of thine ire."

So sang Saint Remi, as he knelt;
On Gaul's conversion long he dwelt,—
'T was all his hope and pray'r.
The little chapel, where he pray'd,
By queen Clotilda had been made,—
Saint Remi was her care.

But still he fear'd the Pagan king
Might swift destruction on him bring—
Cruel, fierce, unmov'd;
Though fair Clotilda stood between—
France's first fair Christian queen—
The woman Clovis lov'd.

And deep, in holy orison,
After summer-day was gone,
The shadows fell around
Saint Remi; yet he had not done,
But fervent, as when he begun,
He bended to the ground.

Thus as the saint besought his God,
In mantle grey and silken snood,
Entered, and behind him stood,
Clotilda, pale and wan:

His soul on fire she durst not curb;
All silent, she would not disturb
The heaven-taught, holy man.

Nor long she stood, for sudden there
The light of torches lurid glare,
And sounds of armour ring:
The saint disturb'd, look'd round afraid;
The trembling queen to fly essay'd;
'T was Gaul's dread mailed king!

Nor high his step, as erst he strode;
Nor clouds upon his features brood;
Nor angry eye, nor thirst of blood,
Nor cruel heart he show'd;
But motioning his guards to wait
In silence by the chapel gate,
He to Saint Remi bow'd.

And thus he spoke—"O marvel not,
Most holy man, I seek thy grot;
For when, on battle plain,
Half of my army was destroy'd—
My ranks gave way, and bled, and died—
By Bajoarian steel I cried
To Mars and Jove in vain.

"But when Clotilda's God I sought,
My legions with new courage fought;
The German turn'd to flee;
We laid them low;—and now, I know,
My army, crown, and life I owe,
And come to seek, with humbled brow,
Clotilda's God and thee."

In bliss Clotilda's heart was lost;
Saint Remi bless'd the Lord of Hosts,
The monarch bade advance,
And bless'd, as he knelt in his mail—
Baptiz'd, with thousands, him they hail
First Christian king of France.

"AS THY DAY SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

Are the measures of ill, then, unequally dealt?
Thought I, as I loll'd in my chair;
Or are they by some more impatiently felt,
Than others, who have them to bear?

'T were strange if a part should be favoured by him
Who created and formed the whole;
'T would savour of vanity, look like a whim,
And the patched up work of a fool.

Whilst these thoughts complicated, and mazy and deep,
Were puzzling my wearied head,
Fast over my senses stole powerful sleep,
And fanciful visions were bred.

Methought that I stood in a beautiful hall—
The pillars of adamant true,
The carpet of green, and of crystal the wall,
And the vaulted roof's colour was blue.

In the midst of that hall stood an angel of light,
Of form and of countenance fair;
And myriads of mankind appear'd to my sight,
All waiting most anxiously there.

One by one, in his turn, the bright being call'd out;
On his shoulders a fardel he laid,
Handed down from above, then he turned about,
Rarely saddled, and off with it made.

My heart waxed sad, and a tear dimm'd mine eye,
For I saw that some burdens were given
A thousand times greater than others, and by
The justice dispenser of heaven.

I crawl'd to his footstool, a chrysolite rare;
He mark'd me, with love in his eye;
I fell flat on my face, and bedew'd with a tear
The delegate's feet of the sky.

"Forgive, I entreated, a worm of the earth,
Before whom all nations must bow;
But why so unrighteously dealest thou forth,—
Why press some poor creatures so low?"

With tone of voice soft as the hymn of the spheres,
"Sad mortal," he answered at length,
"Let thine ignorance learn, and assuage thy salt tears,
'As man's burden so shall be his strength.'"

More strong grew his lustre, too much for mine eyes,
Pellucid beams suddenly rose;
I yawning awaked, and judge my surprise,
When the candle blaz'd close to my nose.

THE DAFFODIL.

The fleecy light cloud flew, and the blighting east wind blew;
O'er the recent ploughed furrow it was bleak, dry, and chill;
And the hoary frost lay white, by the opening gates of light;
But when the sun arose, I spied my lov'd daffodil.

Yet see there 's wreathed snow on yon mountain's lofty brow;
The woods are black and leafless on the verge of the hill;
But in the dell I hear—'t is a note to me most dear—
A throstle singing gaily o'er my lov'd daffodil.

The small brown seed-bird's here, and the mellow goldring near,
And the water-wagtail undulates his flight to the rill;

No more we 're winter-bound, for a snow-drop I have found,
And the lily 's head is swelling by my lov'd daffodil.

The yellow new-born lamb kneels and sucks its bleating dam,
And the engineering songsters are preparing their skill;
Now the rustic sows the soil, and relieves his daily toil,
By whistling as he passes by my lov'd daffodil.

I 've heard the dove's first coo, in the dingle lone and low;
I dreamt I heard a zephyr's sigh at evening still;
But yonder Flora flies, flinging garlands through the skies,—
I knew no lying messenger my lov'd daffodil.

ODE TO THE MOON.

Spectral shades are dark and deep;
The breeze low moans; the birds asleep—
  Except the dacre-hen,
That pipes within the grassy mead,
  And reed-bird in the shroggy glen,
  That tells her evening tale,
That strangers to believe would lead
  'T was the southern nightingale.

O! 't is now my mind recoils
On former hopes—on pristine toils—
  On former loves and cares—
On boyhood's visions, beaming bright,
  That knew not how time slowly wears
  Our rosy morning into noon—
Our noon to night!—But I see the light
  Of the broad red rising moon.

Pacific orb! what hearts, like mine,
Have swell'd to see thee sweetly shine,
  Then wither'd in the tomb!
Who fear'd, like me, fast-coming woe!
  With ideas temper'd to thy gloom,
  I too shall soon be gone;
My heart half feels that last hard throe,
  Whilst gazing on the moon.

Fair queen of shades, I 've seen thee rise
In far Columbia's twilight skies,
  By Niagara's stream;
And though I heard its thunders roar,
  And watch'd the fire-flies gleam,
  And the twinkling stars, alone,
And evening's grandeurs, yet still more
  My heart was sad, sweet moon.

Seems sad the vale—seems sad the hill—
Seems sad and hoarse the speeding rill—
  Seem tears the glistening dew;
No sound of joy the birds awake,
  As when the morning 's new;
  The hollow breezes seem to groan,
And a sullen gloom my mind o'ertakes,
  Like woodland mount and moon.

THE RUMBLES-MOOR WIZARD.

As upon one fearful night,
Old Toby sat by candlelight,
And on his hearth the embers glow'd
Of the red diluvian wood;
Whilst against the casement rattle
Dark the elemental battle;
And the rising snow-drift curl'd,
Wintry, o'er a shrinking world;
He a spell, of mighty power,
Began at midnight's ebon hour.
A lamp of horrid mixture lit;
The venom'd characters were writ;
The bones and skull in order laid;
The magic knife's enchanted blade
Made a gyre, on which there lay
The dark word 'gaber-agaba;'
Incantations, fierce and strong,
Imprecations, loud and long,
He spoke, that from her cavern'd gloom
Of northern storms the hag would come:—

Of itself the table walk'd;
A shadow round the circle stalk'd;
The gusts began to groan more hollow;
Heavy sounds of earthquake follow;
Laughs and screams of every kind
Mix and mingle with the wind;
A fiend the rigging-tree bestrides,
The night-mare on the neighbours rides;
The clock its wonted ticking stopp'd,
For the jaws of hell were ope;
His pots and pewter platters clash;
Earth shudders; and a mighty crash
Was heard, as if it came right o'er him;
The wither'd witch then stood before him:—
"Here am I;—what would'st thou have—
A stinking shroud from out the grave?
There's one I dropp'd within the wold,
'T will keep thy cursed limbs from cold."
A robe of flames, of red and blue—
A snake to gird it—round her flew;
Her eyes shot malice; hair enroll'd,
A cincture bound, of red hot gold.
He shook his wand, of magic power,—
"Think'st thou I call thee, this hour,
For warmth? avaunt thy tongue be riven!
I 'll deprecate the angry heaven!

There is a drug—thou knowest where—
That 's hid in water, earth, or air,
Will calm the heart, and ease the brow
From stinging conscience here below,
To find I rack'd to pain my head;
For it I 've raised thy fury dread ;
For my deeds of darkness done,
Give it me, and then begone."
Derision's sneer was in her look,
She rais'd her hand, and thus she spoke,—
"There 's one, but not in ocean's cave,
Though thou should'st strain its every wave;—
There 's one, but not in earth 't is found,
Though thou should'st mete its regions round;—
In hell beneath, or ambient air,
Search, and thou 'lt not find it there;—
There 's one, but vainly for 't I 've striven!'
"Ah!" cried Toby, "'t is in heaven!—
Away! avaunt! the first cock crows,
The chilly blast of morning blows."

THE NUN.

"Lady, meet me at the grate,
When the turret bell tolls one;
I'll tear thee from that mournful place,
Before this night is gone.

From thy dormitory creep,
Array'd in robes of white;
The wakeful sisters thee will deem
A spectre of the night."—

"My cell far in the convent lies,
The abbess sleeps between—
But oft I 'm pacing to and fro—
She will not wake I ween.

But the gate is high, the moat is deep,
The nights are dark and drear,
The veil'd ones long sad vigils keep,—
Oh! I have much to fear!"

The devotee hath left the choir,
Long ere the morning beam;
She 's sitting by Fernando's side,
On Arno's lucent stream.

Her lute winds low along the shore,
For Laura now is free;
Her little cherubs gathering sweets,
For children she hath three.

They say the ladies there are bright,
And Florence too is fair;
But Arno's streams and Florence halls
Have never seen her peer.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND CUCKOO.

A FABLE.

A NIGHTINGALE and cuckoo long
Had disagreed about their song:
The nightingale, in long oration,
Pleaded all his variation,—
His tones of love, and joy, and fear,
Now mournful trill'd, and now severe;
Of high and low, and clear and free,
Attun'd in choral harmony;
And argued, if 't was put to test,
His surely would be judg'd the best.
Think how the cuckoo star'd and rav'd,
To be by such a thing outbrav'd;
A little, puny, grey hedge-bird
To talk so lofty, 'pon my word!
Anger prompted, at the challenge,
To tear the braggart with his talons;
But choking it, he scream'd "proud creature,
Direct we 'll choose an arbitrator,

To judge my notes, by old and young
So lov'd, so listen'd to and sung :
That being agreed without division,
They flew to seek some learned decision,
And happen'd, ere one well had spoken,
To wing close by a hedge just broken,
Where an ass was feeding rarely,
Though thievishly, upon some barley ;—
"Hollo!" the cuckoo cries, "my friend!"—
Poor donkey almost stood on end,
Thinking 't was the farmer come
With mighty hedgestake and his doom ;
But seeing that his fears were vain,
He shakes his ears and eats again ;—
"Here 's Philomel in high dispute,
And I,—we hope our humble suit
Will not offend,—about our song
We can't agree ;—we won't be long ;
And you shall hear us and decide ;
Your judgment cannot be denied ;
Your ears are longest, surely they
Were made for music every way."
"Well," snorts the ass, "go on, go on,—
I 'll list a moment, till you 've done ;
I 've tasted nought—God help my fettle—
This day but one poor wizen'd nettle ;

And now your bother 's come, when fairly
I 'd burst my hide upon this barley."
The nightingale tun'd all his strains
Of river-song, and woods, and plains;
The other, neither harsh nor low,
Twice or thrice sung out "cuckoo!"
"Well," says the ass, "for variation
Philomel holds the highest station;
But should he think he beats he 's wrong,
For I prefer a good plain song."

NAPOLEON.

He sleeps deep in St. Helen's soil,
Our Emperor, afar;
He hears no more the court's turmoil,
Or thundering voice of war.
He silent rests—for ever sleeps,
And o'er his grave the willow weeps,
In yonder ocean isle.
On eve's still pinions silent flies
The sea-mew through his torrid skies,
And from his font the murmurings rise
A dirge. He rests from toil.
Victory's banners wave above
The hero gone:
On Gallia's hearts—on sages' love—
On that cold stone,
With honour, wisdom 's interwove
Napoleon!
And Gallia's sorrows, and her tears,
Through endless ages' turning years,
With him and o'er him shed,
Shall honour him, till memory dim
Forgets the mighty dead!

BACCHUS.

A Deity was known to all,
With grape-bunch crown'd, and coronal,
Grasping with unsteady hand
A cup he offer'd, blithe and bland,
So fair, so open, and so free,
With song, and jest, and jollity,
None could but quaff his liquor, though
They knew 't was mix'd with pain and woe.
In Græcia's sunny lands of wine
The Ethnics worshipp'd at his shrine;
And call'd him, as he warm'd their blood,
The laughter-loving, jolly god,
With other names, of pleasant sound,
And pour'd libations on the ground;—
When Vindemia advanc'd,
Round his vine-clad altars danc'd
Youth and maiden, held in thrall,
Drunk bacchante and bacchanal;
And, in wanton mead or glade,
Mirth and funny masquerade—

Theatricals by bush and bower—
Pleasure's voice in town and tower
Was seen and heard, at grey nightfall;
'Twas called Bacchus' festival;
They sung his praise, his presence bless'd,
Till reeling reason sunk to rest.
With garlands girt of evergreen,
Few to slight the god were seen;
To spurn his worship, all who dar'd,
Had atheists' odium, were abhorr'd;
For sages hourly taught his praise—
Poets and prophets sang his lays—
With offerings his smiles they bought,
And inspiration from him sought.
But new light is now upsprung,
The goblet from the god is wrung;
Few poets will libations pour,
Or seek his green enchanted bower;
His worship now is known as evil—
The jolly god 's a jolly devil.

THE SHEPHERD'S VISION.

A SHEPHERD rais'd his hands in prayer,
On Gilead's mountains high;
Whilst others, lost to pastoral care,
All idly slumber'd by.

"Woe is me! for Sion's crown,
How dimly gleams its light!
How crumbles David's lofty throne—
How darkens Judah's night!

"But Judah's lion yet will come,
And Israel's children save;
Relume his sky, reverse the doom
Of Salem's fetter'd slave."

But never what that shepherd felt,
Or what his spirit's fire,
Within that hour, as wrapt he knelt,
Will ring on modern lyre.

"Wake, Judah's strength,—the oxen kneel,—
The deer in rev'rence bow;
Lo! yonder on the southern hill,
The ass is bending low.

"Wake," cried he, "shepherds, from your trance!
For, 'mong our flocks below,
I've seen a little lambkin dance,
As white as Nebo's snow.

"I know those lights that glimmer fair
And heaven's azure gem;
But say what is yon radiant star
Right over Bethlehem?

"Hark! upon the mount a hymn—
A cloud beams gloriously—
Harps tun'd by winged cherubim
Are yonder fair to see.

"With citherns, too, a seraph band,
Sweet singing, meet my ken,—
'To God the highest glory and
Peace and good will to men.'

"They 're gone,—I now spy morn's first streak,
Our sheep doze on the sod;
Arise, my brethren, let us seek
Fair Sion's new-born God."

ANNA.

Why droops that head—why dim that eye
With glistening tears—why heaves that sigh?
Hast thou learnt care while I am by,
My child, my gentle Anna?

I 've seen thee weep upon thy bed,
And utter sounds in slumbers dread—
Thine anxious mother, by thine head,
Her vigils keeping, Anna.

O! tell me what is thy desire,—
Why unadorn'd in thine attire
Of flowers and silk,—noteless the wire
Of thy sweet lute, my Anna.

But I 've learnt it in the evening hour,
I saw thee cull a purple flower,
And kiss it,—'t is love's gentle power
That 's chain'd in gold my Anna.

Believe me, men are rude and wild,
Too stern to love, my simple child;
False ideas have thine heart beguil'd,
Thou 'rt yet to learn, my Anna.

Then stay with me, go not alone,—
The gardens, river, mountains, moon,
Are love 's decoys, my mourning one,—
Stay in my bosom, Anna.

HELEN.

Hark, thy Leman whispering low,
  Beneath thy casement stealing;
And Wharf is murmuring music now,
  How blue the heaven, my Helen.

The May-dew trembles on the flower—
  The fairies' honied dwelling;
Come, walk with me in thy green bower,
  My own, my long-lov'd Helen.

Long as spring sheds her beauties round,
  Long as this heart hath feeling,
'T will throb for thee, to thee rebound,—
  Awake and hear me, Helen.

Lips that our tender loves have cross'd,
  Is leaden slumber sealing,—
The voice of calumny is lost
  In dreamy revels, Helen.

Fragrance swims the heaving breeze,
To wounded hearts 't is healing;
The moonbeams silver o'er the trees,
And silence waits for Helen.

I hear nought but the mournful doves'
Soft voice, to thee appealing,
O! list my serenade, my love,
Awake! awake, my Helen.

THE FEAST OF JEZREEL.

In the halls of Jezreel the gay banquet was spread,
And the must flow'd—that Nabaoth's vineyard had bled;
O'er the thrones of the monarchs two broad banners flew,
The beds were of purple, the curtains of blue;
For Judah's proud court unto Israel paid
A visit, in royalty's splendours array'd;
And in Jezreel lay Joram, his wide wounds to heal,
That were opened most ghastly by Syrian steel.
The daughters of Salem, the noble, the fair,
And the courtezans, painted, of Jezreel were there;
Of Tyrian purple, of azure and gold,
Of the riches of Sidon, most fair to behold,
Like a galaxy shining, was Jezebel's throne;
Of curious work, and of jewels her crown;
Her countenance painted, her wrinkles to hide,
With the eunuchs and youths of her state by her side;
In dance, to the sound of soft citherns they move;
Ahaziah join'd deep in the revel of love,

Tammuz Astaroth, Assyria's lov'd queen,
And Baal were ador'd in their bowers of green;
From gardens of roses rose odorous breath,
For they wist not that morn was the signal of death:
Woe, woe to the kings, 't is the last of their weal,
There is wrath in the cup of the feast of Jezreel;
And woe to the horsemen besotted with wine,
For the mandate is given by anger divine.
The sun was uprising—the horizon touching,
When the watchman of Jezreel saw horsemen approaching—
The voice of the trump winded fearful and shrill,
As the squadron bore down from the western hill,
And the breastplate gleam'd bright, and the lance, as they flew
Towards the vineyard of Nabaoth sparkling with dew.
Then Joram rose up from the bed of his state,
And the horse of his herald flew fast by the gate,
And said, "Thus saith the king, 'are you coming in peace?'"
But Jehu said "Turn thee behind me and cease."
The king stood in doubt, and the watchman in vain
Look'd out, but the herald return'd not again.
A second stay'd too, then a keen look he gives—
"'T is the driving of Jehu, for furious he drives."

The cars of the kings were made ready for fight,
And their rous'd armies reel'd with the revel of night;
Full in the vineyard of Nabaoth they met,
Where the sun of king Joram for ever must set.
"Comest thou in peace, mighty Jehu," he cried,
"Or dost thou in anger so furiously ride?"
"Can there," he answered, "ever be peace,
Till the crimes of thy kin and old Jezebel cease?"
King Joram hath drenched the wine press with gore,
The arrow of Jehu went through his heart's core;
And Judah's king fled, but his speed could not save,
He fell, and sad Sion afforded a grave.

LINES COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

Eternal gloom still further comes
  Towards us that still survive;
Accumulating dust and tombs
  Still make the churchyard thrive.

Farewell, my sister,—what is life?
  A grief thou ne'er canst know:
The chilling hand of age and strife
  Shall find thee not when low.

Why should we mourn—why should we weep
  Thy fate and early years?
Why should we midnight vigils keep,
  And think of thee in tears?

Our thread of life will soon be spun—
  As thou art we shall be;
Our night will come, we shall lie down
  And silent sleep by thee.

THE GIPSY.

"Stay thee, dark maid, I have fountains and groves,
Pavilions in gardens so fair;
I have woods that the dove and the nightingale loves,
And a mansion more costly and rare.

"Stay, then, sweet maiden, and give me thy hand,
And round thee shall fragrance be breath'd;
And ten pretty damsels await thy command,
And thy ringlets with jewels be wreath'd."

"The nightingale seeks the green coppice and glade,
In spring-time, and warbles her lay;
When summer is past, hast thou art to persuade
Her or the swift swallow to stay?

"Or brings not the woodlark her leman along,
To sport in the merry green grove,—
To roost by her side, and to cheer her with song,
With the banners spread o'er her of love?"

"But thy chambers shall smell of the spice of the east,
Thy chased silver flagons shall shine;
And thy smile shall be woo'd at the dance and the feast,
And the youth toast thy beauty in wine.

"Then cease thee, fair gipsy, to ramble and rove,
Thy beauty and health to destroy;
And learn that I, too, can as tenderly love
As a dark-ey'd and raven-hair'd boy."

"Can the pheasant forget, e'er, the merry green wood,
Or the roe her green lair on the lea?
Or the lark leave the air, or the fish leave the flood,
And take up her lodging with thee?

"Or I the lov'd hill, or the glen, with its charms,
With the bare heaven bending above,
Or the mirth in the tents of my kin, or the arms
Of the dark-haired gallant I love?"

SONG.

The cloud 's on the sky, and the wind in the tree;
The night is severe, and the snow 's on the lea;
Thou art wet, my true love, and thy covering is poor;—
Wait, Johnny Brown, and I 'll open the door.

Is it the cold blast that pipes through the seams,
Or thy hand on the pane that so startling screams?
Wait, my true love, till I put on my gown,
And ask through the key-hole, if 't is Johnny Brown.

My parents are both in their bed fast asleep,—
I hear but the cricket,—the darkness is deep,
My mind is distracted,—my love is not here,—
There 's a shade in the garden that fills me with fear.

It was but a branch by the window I saw,
That wav'd in the wind, blowing sullen and raw;
Though my heart beats so high, I 'll again lay me down,
And dream of the coming of my Johnny Brown.

THE ANGEL AND INFANT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. REBOUL.

An angel, with a radiant face,
Leant o'er a cradle's side,
And seem'd his lovely self to trace,
As in some lucent tide.—

"Charming child! my semblance,
O, come with me, said he,
And both our bliss it will enhance,—
The earth's unworthy thee.

"There gladness never is quite true,
The soul its pleasure cloys;
In sounds of joy there's sadness too,—
Voluptuousness hath sighs.

"Fear in every fete we see,
Though calm and clear eve's skies,
From storm it will not guarantee,
And darkness' mornings rise.

"And Oh! what chagrins and what fears
Will trouble this pure brow—
Will tarnish, too, with grief and tears
These shining orbs of blue.

"No, no, into the fields of space
With me thou now shalt go;
By Providence are all thy days
Remitted to thee now.

"May none, thy bed attending by,
In darker vestments grieve;
And be the hour that sees thee die
Like that which saw thee live.

"Let every brow unclouded be—
Let nought a tomb betray;
For, at thine age of purity,
The last 's the brightest day."

And opening his snow-white wing,
The angel sought (this said)
The sky. Poor mother, suffering,
Thy little boy is dead!

TO A FRIEND WHO TAKES SNUFF.

When Belgium heard the thunders roar
Of Europe's dread artillery;—
When rank met rank, besmear'd with gore,
And heroes slept to wake no more,
And widow'd France learnt to deplore
The glories she no more may see;

When on his steed Napoleon sate,
And trembled for the victory,
And steel-clad cohorts met their fate,
By allied rogues and allied hate,
He took a pinch of snuff in state,
Dash'd down his crown, and turn'd to flee.

He took a pinch, while victory,
Doubtful, o'er the armies stood—
'T was a toast unto the brave and free;
Let 's take one to his memory;
He sleeps in yon isle o'er the sea,
Who took it mix'd with tyrants' blood.

WINTER.

High, gaunt, and tall, the tree its bare arm bends
To the bleak blast that cold Spitzbergen sends;
All 's comfortless, the drifting hail-cloud flies
Through the thin air, and hurtles in the skies;
Wan nature's face, for now no more is seen
One straggling flower to animate the green.
Where is your sheen, ye noisy rivers, now,
That mirror'd morn, when in her fairest glow?—
Now rapid, rolling, muddy, deep, and dread,
In wrath and darkness swelling in your bed.
And where are ye, whilome in glade or grove,
That trimm'd your wings and tun'd your throats to love,
Ye warbling throng, your leafless dwelling 's still,
Your voices tuneless, lost your sylvan skill?
Where do ye chirp, and wish cold winter by—
Cold, shivering in the storm that rends the sky?
Or have your pinions borne ye o'er the main,
To softer climates, by the streams of Spain,

To sea-girt Sicily's volcanic lands,
Or farther still, to Afric's moving sands?
Or do your songs the wandering Bedouin wile,
At eve, to linger on the banks of Nile,
While Albyn's vales lie dead or dormant now,
Dazzling the eyes in deathlike sheets of snow.

WHARFDALE.

O! how delightful are thy lawns,
  Proud Wharfdale, wooded with thine oaks,
When July's blushing morning shines
  With virgin looks.

The dale, besprent with roseate damps,
  Reflects the eastern charioteer,
Like to the twinkling midnight lamps
  That lit them there.

Such morns I love to saunter on,
  And tread the fresh, green, springing grass,
To view the flowers that bloom upon
  The saffron moss.

The honey-drop hangs on the leaf,
  The song of bird sounds from the spray,
The cuckoo's lay of love, so brief,
  Echoes away.

Bright as angel on his bed,
Reflecting heaven, Wharf warbling glides,
A cloud of gold on Chevin's head
Imperial rides.

DIANA BRIGGS.

Bring all your jessamines, your lilies, and roses,
Or flowers that savour more sweet to your noses,
From the loftiest or lowest of bloom-bearing twigs,
There 's none half so lovely as Diana Briggs.

Talk of rubies or emeralds, or diamonds that gem
The robes of a prince, or his bright diadem,
Talk of jewels more precious—as well talk of figs—
There 's nothing so precious as Diana Briggs.

Talk of Venus, or Helen, or Sheba's fair queen,
With the blue eyes of seraphs and noblest mien,
They were not even fit to be gaz'd on by pigs,
Compar'd with the beauties of Diana Briggs.

Of the deeds of old Sampson you speak with surprise,
Why, they 're nothing, compared with the deeds of her eyes ;—
From boys spinning tops, to old men in their wigs,
What numbers are slaughtered by Diana Briggs.

The soft vernal zephyr, the hot summer breezes,
The rough blast of autumn, that tearing up trees is,
And winter's fierce tempest, and hurricane rigs,
Seem caus'd by the sighs breath'd for Diana Briggs.

What an eye, what a lip, what a cheek, what a nose,
Her teeth orient pearls, set in regular rows;
And when she will dance, in waltz, hornpipe, or jigs,
How blest is the youth who may dance with Miss Briggs.

If I were as rich as Jew Rothschild, who brings
Down princes to serve him, the banker of kings,
And blazing with gold all my coaches and gigs,
There 's none should ride with me but Diana Briggs.

THE ROSE.

It was cruel to pluck thee so soon,
So dewy and fresh in the grove,
From the side of thy sisters, half-blown,—
But the passion that prompted was love.

Thou 'rt the fairest and most cherish'd gem,
That Flora or Terra bestows;
And the first in her bright diadem
Green Albion has placed thee, sweet rose.

I have seen thee in many a cheek,
And from thence could my heart never move;
And lips of thy beauties would speak,
And teach my wild fancy to love.

When the winter sun lifted his head
O'er the mountain-crest cover'd with snows,
When thou wert gone,—wither'd and dead,
Thy blushes were mimick'd, sweet rose.

At thy hues have try'd sea, earth, and sky,
That thy presence would sweetly reprove;
Men have mock'd thee in mixture of dye,
But they have fail'd in the tints of their love.

I 've heard the beast, bird, and bee mourn,
That brumal glooms sent to repose,
That thou wert so slow to return
To thy green vernal dwelling, sweet rose.

Philomel 's enamoured of thee,
With thee the soft cuckoo removes,
And vesper's boy, zephyr, makes free
To embrace and to kiss thee he loves.

The balmy hours laugh'd at thy birth,
The virgins plac'd thee on their brows,
Thou wert own'd the queen of the earth,
The Venus of flowers, sweet rose?

Not an isle, not a land in the round
Of yon sun, but thy presence approve;
Not a clime to the uttermost bound
Of the earth, but own thee for their love.

Thee the dame in her cunning hath wove
In her web as the tissue she throws;
Princesses t' embroider have strove
Thee in their bright garments, sweet rose.

He 's a fool that regards thee with hate,
And a fiend that thy form would remove;
And the lowering darkess of fate
Shall o'ertake him that knows not thy love.

Woe, woe to the land thou forsakest,
Where no more thou thy fragrance bestows;
For there where thy promise thou breakest
Come famine and death, my sweet rose.

The world has admired thee for ages—
An emblem of grace from above;
And painters, and poets, and sages
Have own'd thee the darling of love.

O! is there a land o'er the sea,
Where thy beauty eternally blows,
Away to that region with thee,
I would go and be happy, sweet rose.

'T is sung past yon dome of deep blue,
Where rosy-lipp'd cherubim move,
Everlasting thy scent and thy hue,
Never-fading thy garland of love.

Were those rosy dreams true, and were I
In death's sleep beginning to doze,
How gladly from earth would I fly
Up thither to visit my rose.

EVENING.

Farewell! fervid sinking sun,
Now the toilworn day is done;
Sober evening has begun
To spread her humid gown of grey;
Welcome to the shades of night,
Sweet interchange for dazzling light!
And welcome, constellations bright,
On each side of the milky way.

Now the beast has sought the bower,
Now the bee hath left the flower;
The linnet knows his roosting hour;
The partridge-call is heard afar;
Star of love, and time of rest,
Welcome to the heart unblest—
Sweetest, softest, holiest, best,
To youth of joy, or age of care.

Welcome! silence, once again;
Though day hath greatness in his train,
Yet pensive evening tells how vain
How heartless are his energies;
And while yon fires in music roll,
By angels guided round the pole,
Of coming things is taught the soul,
In night's light dreamy phantasies.

SAN SEBASTIAN.

"MOURNFUL is the light
Of the pallid star of night;
The olive leaf hangs dewy by the wall;
And slumbers, dark and deep,
Over San Sebastian creep,
Excepting where the lonely piquets call.

"To the field where sleep the slain
Of the warlike ranks of Spain,
With my feet besmear'd with ruddy gore, I'll go,
Where the cannon's thunder pass'd,
And blue wildfire, like a blast,
Flew through the quivering legions of the foe.

"Alonzo, ever dear,
On thy cheek I'll shed a tear;
Where my hero fought through fire and steel I'll stand,
And where he fell I 'll fall,
Close by San Sebastian's wall,
And my spirit fly, whilst pressing his cold hand.

"So, San Sebastian, now,
Ere, with broken heart, I go,
I'll turn and view thy darkling towers again;
Farewell, thy splendid halls,
'Where the robe of mourning falls:'
Adieu! ye lovely, dark-ey'd maids of Spain.

"Carlos, usurper foul,
May grief's arrows pierce thy soul—
Thy bands of mountain bandits turn and fly;
The Spanish blood thou 'st shed
Be upon thy cursed head,
And heaven and earth to thee their wonted gifts deny."

So said, Lenora late
By the moonlight pass'd the gate,
And to the field of carnage took her way;
By her lov'd soldier close,
Soon her sorrows found repose,
Nor waked when reveille sung at break of day.

ON MUSIC.

Oft seem the dead to list to thee,
Through transept, vault, and sacristy;
And spirits from the damp vaults see
Thy tuneful strain of psalmody,
Sweet music!

What puts quicksilver in youth's veins;
Makes age forget his aches and pains;
And of his nerves strings the remains?
Sweet music.

What opes the meagre miser's hand,
At times despising gold and land,
And makes the wrinkled bigot bland?
Sweet music.

What charms on purple mountain's head,
By river's side, or daisied mead,
And maids immaculate hath led,
To lose steps ne'er recovered?
Sweet music.

What brings soft soothings and relief
To those oppress'd with care and grief,
When sorrow skulks away like thief?
Sweet music.

Devils, from a monarch, dread,
At thy soft sighs have shriek'd and fled,
Scar'd by the anthems uttered,
Sweet music!

'Mid boiling seas I 've heard thy voice,
When Neptune scares the sailor boys;
What hush'd the clam'rous billows' noise,
When winds, waves, clouds, men, all rejoice?
Sweet music.

To all enlightened nations given,
Thou art the boon of pitying heaven,
To smooth their ruffled tempers, even
To heal their bleeding hearts and riven,
Sweet music!

Thou canst inflame the maddest love,
The direst anger thou can'st move,
'T is sung tame beasts, in field or grove;
Sweet music!

And oft, in splendid princely halls,
Where costly gobelins deck the walls,
At fetes, routs, masquerades, and balls,
Thou lords' and ladies' hearts enthrals,
Sweet music.

The green hill side, the myrtle shade,
The spicy Indian citron glade,
The year, in all its hues array'd,
The sire, the matron, youth and maid,
All own, when God thy voice assay'd,
Thee sweet'st of creatures he has made,
Sweet music!

THE QUESTION.

Who cloth'd the fields with verdant robes,
  Who swell'd the buds to blow,
Or perfume rare so sweetly mix'd,
  When summer winds are low?

Who made cool air to melt in dew,
  When summer moons look bland;
Or who the rain, borne in the clouds,
  The curtains of the land?

Who combs the hills' white curling locks,
  When winter's sharp winds rave;
Or prisons fast in walls of blue
  And silence the white wave?

Who shook the everlasting hills,
  When Lisbon's cries were vain;
Or thunder'd from the mighty void
  O'er mountain, dale, and main?

Who gave the sun, with wondrous light,
In vasty space to shine;
Or stars within their orbits roll'd,
In harmony divine?

Did nature's combination all
This marvellous greatness plan,
Then nature 's great.—But did she make
The greater mind of man?

THE CLOUD.

'T was even, and the woods were teeming full
Of wild aerial harmony; the primroses,
Like dots of gold, upon the shaded bank;
And violets and hyacinths strew'd here and there,
Like sapphires bright, sent through the humid air
The pleasant breath of odours; and the sun,
Setting like glassy gold, round his circumference
Whirl'd his fierce fires; the breeze was chained
Within his cave; the clouds seem'd floating isles,
On livid eastern regions,—one alone
Was in the west, its base hid deep behind
The glowing mountain ridge; it seem'd at rest,—
Mighty, awful, and sublime—another mountain,
New-created, abrupt, and broken; cloth'd
Like those by travellers seen—Mont Blanc,
Or Chimborazo in the southern climes
Of South Colombia—with everlasting snows:
The broad and blazing sun upon its flank
Half-illum'd its precipices tremendous;

Dark the shadows fell upon the horrid chasms,
And dark the beetling crags toward the south,
As midnight; dark-mouth'd caves seem'd ope,
Whereby the Prince of Airy Powers might entrance
have
Into his gloomy chambers, where might be
The magazines of piled-up thunder, pent-up storms,
Damm'd-up rain, and granaries of hail.
Down from the battlements of heaven
I fancied 't was but one stride to the peak
Of the highest mount of alabaster, ting'd
By Phœbus' beams with radiant hues of gold.
I fancied Michael there might sit and guide—
Enthron'd in light—the huge mass, big with horrors,
Unto some wicked vale, and there shed night,
Dire devastation, fierce destructive wrath,
Terror and death! I stood and gaz'd, until I thought
I saw him really, in flowing purple robe,
His crest a comet's tail, on curious throne
Of jasper, on the highest wreathing top,
Sitting in glorious majesty; and then I prayed,
"O mighty enthroned chief of Cherubim,
That ridest the armed chariots of the Highest,
On lightning's livid wings and rolling wheels
Of heaviest thunder, spare my native vale!—
Proud in its blooms as Eden!—and the first

Mine eyes beheld, when out of nothing sprung—
Fair Wharfdale! where the lyre I first attun'd.
O! dim not now the sheen of yonder river;
It joins my fervent prayer—hoarse murmuring.
Still not this sylvan music, sweeter far
Than harp or organ tun'd in princely halls,
To noblest strains of voice, to thrilling song
Of love or war, where nobles dalliance hold,
And dance, in dazzling jewels and embroidery."
At last I wak'd, as from a trance replete
With majesty; the sun was set—the mighty cloud
Had lost its grandeur, transformed into
Its native thick grey mist, that disappear'd,
As if asham'd of having practised
Such strange illusions on the untaught eyes
Of gaping country bumpkins such as I;
But rustics yet, like Indians, we find,
"See God in clouds, and hear him in the wind."

THE PHANTOM.

It was one summer's evening hour,
The sun flam'd down o'er Rumbles-moor;
The rustic left the fallow soil,
His panting team loos'd from their toil;
The bee had left the clover flower,
That droop'd beneath the falling dew;
And, billing in the leafy bower,
Perch'd the happy feathered crew;
When, underneath the holly bough,
I sat me down the muse to woo;
And Wharfdale's harp lay at my feet,
So little tun'd, and yet so sweet.
The dying tone of breeze and stream—
Wanton summer's wildest ring
Of music—pass'd on day's last beam,
And ask'd an echo from its string.
Unconscious of the heinous crime,
I caught it up—began to chime
Upon its chord, nor spell nor charm
Dreamt of, that would do me harm;

Nor chim'd I long before I spied
A fearful thing close by my side,
Of human form, but thin and spare,
Gaunt and lean, with sorrow's air
Imprinted on a blasted brow,
In tatter'd garments made to wear
In fashions changed long ago.
Shuddering, "what art thou," I cried,
"And what thy bus'ness at my side?
Creature deformed, thy looks I fear,—
Has hell or heaven sent thee here?"
"Know'st thou not?" she answered me,
"My hated name 't is Poverty!
I come thy feelings all to warp—
I am the genius of that harp;
I and the other genii wing
Our way to those who strike that string,—
With envy, scorn, and sneer, and slight,
Suffering, and cold, and spite."
"Is Albyn's harpstring," I exclaim'd,
Whose strains make heavenly spirits glow,
With sacred fire ever sham'd,
By a Gorgon such as thou?
Avaunt! I 've friends in long array
Will drive thee from my harp away.
Begone! thou shalt not me disgrace;—

I 've half a mind, if thou should'st stay,
To hurl it in thy cursed face."
"Nay, wax not wroth, thou fiery bard,
I too bring with me a reward,
When joined to that instrument,
That thousands, that the world lament,
Have lov'd me for, though link'd with shame,
'T is called everlasting fame.
I am too wretched, poor, and low,
To bring thee annals, old and true,
Of names of great ones, but I now
Have recollection of a few:—
Homer begg'd through cities three,
And hunger'd in my company;
I broke his heart at last, and laid
Him low, unhonoured to bed;
And other Greeks I scourg'd as hard,
And murdered, as the Teian bard;
Ovid and the Latian band
I haunted through their native land;
Dante and Tasso died to pay
My debts, in fair Ausonia;
I Malfilatre caus'd advance,
To claim dishonoured tears from France;
Milton and Dryden felt me sore;
Goldsmith and Otway learned to wince;

And sedgy Severn's waves deplore
The woes of Chatterton e'er since.
But, hark! a harp vibrating yet
By Ayr and Doon, no power could save;—
Poor Burns, I lov'd thee and regret
That thou art slumbering in thy grave;
I roam'd with thee by Tweed and Clyde,
I wounded thee by Yarrow's side,
I mounted highland hills with thee;
With thee I saw Edina's towers,
With sadness ting'd thy "golden hours;"
In Jean's arms I was wont to be.
Thou Wharfdale bard, perchance the least,
Like that lord's thy untoward fate,
That plenty saw, yet must not taste,
To death trod in Samaria's gate."
Farewell, then, harp, and farewell, song,
Said I, as bursting salt tears ran,
You and I must part ere long,
If ye are grim want's talisman.
Sleep now and rest—I lay thee by,
Unfit for untaught rustic hand;
On Wharfdale winds thy music die,
Thou lov'd harp of my native land!
I heard thy tones by stealth, at times,
When the ploughboy's voice was still;

And listen'd till the midnight chimes
  Swept sweetly o'er the western hill.
I found thee here by all forsook,—
  By all forbidden as thou wert,
Trembling in my hands I took
  And press'd thee to my swelling heart.
Farewell, until my sky 's more blue—
  Till floods of sorrow cease to swell
O'er the heart's bank's flowers, adieu—
  My own lov'd harp, farewell, farewell!

E. Keighley, Printer, Bradford.

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